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THE GRAVE OF MOSES OUR TEACHER.

OH, at times, when I've thought on it early and late,  
Till exhausted and sick is my brain,  
How that life is so hard, the misfortune so great,  
And the remedies fashioned in vain.

Oh, then hence, where there's no one to lead us or guide,  
To make our sore burden seem light,  
Unto Moses the god-like, our hero, our pride,  
My thoughts and my longings take flight.

Oh, how sweet would it be, in our terror and grief,  
At thy grave could we gather and kneel,  
And, bitterly weeping, a moment's relief,  
At the heart all disconsolate feel!

But alas! of our prophet and crown we're bereft,  
He is deaf to our tears and our cries;  
No refuge or comfort to us now is left,  
For concealed is the grave where he lies! . . .

And a voice, a voice from Heaven,  
Hark, is sounding clear and sweet:  
Jews, no grave to you is given,  
Dust and ashes at your feet!

But a crystal fount, a river  
Springing day and night anew,  
Thro' the desert flowing ever,  
He has left behind for you.

Flowers on its bank are growing,  
Trees their verdant branches wave.  
See, beside the fountain's flowing,  
Small and mighty, king and knave.

In the workman's narrow dwelling,  
 In the spacious, gilded hall,  
 See the limpid waters welling!  
 "Bible" we this wonder call.

Fear and grief and desolation  
 Washed away on sunlit waves—  
 Go, my child, thy consolation  
 Flows from out our fathers' graves. . . .

### A LEAFLET OF CONFESSIONS.

How slowly, how lazily passes each day,  
 And the years, oh how swift are the years!  
 Far, far is it yet to the end of my way,  
 And yet, brothers, see, I am bent, I am grey,  
 My cheeks they are sunken, my hands are a-cold,  
 My forehead is wrinkled with many a fold—  
 O brothers, I am not yet thirty years old!

"At thirty years: strength," runs the saying—What then?  
 The words in the Talmud you see.  
 O take, I beseech you, take paper and pen,  
 And reckon how many must be  
 The strong ones in Israel . . . with joy and with trembling  
 I picture their host in its might,  
 In Luzin, in Pinsk, in Berdichef assembling,  
 A nation of strong ones, a shield, a delight!

A nation of strong ones, and then, Jew by Jew,  
 Goliath the Philistine, Samson in pride.  
 The kettle o'er-boils with the powerful brew,  
 The earth, as tho' feverstruck, quakes at their stride.  
 We labour, we eat and we drink of the best,  
 We revel in riches—each alley, each house,  
 Each place where is food for ten men and one mouse,  
 A lair is of lions, of eagles a nest!